King. Thou doſt not wiſh more helpe from England, Couſen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battell out.
Why well ſaid. That doth pleaſe me better,
Then to wiſh me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herauld from the French.

Her. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for ranſome?

King. Who hath ſent thee now?

Her. The Conſtable of *France.*

King. I prethee beare my former anſwer backe,
Bid them atchieue me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mocke good fellowes thus?
The man that once did ſell the Lyons skin
While the beaſt liued, was kild with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall no doubt
Finde graues within your Realme of *France*:
Though buried in your dunghils, we ſhall be famed,
For there the Sunne ſhall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your clime;
The ſmell whereof, ſhall breed a plague in *France*;
Marke then abundant valour in our Engliſh,
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,
Breakes foorth into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortality:
Let me ſpeake proudly,
There's not a peece of feather in our Campe,
Good argument I hope we ſhall not flye,
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the maſſe, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore ſouldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'l

They'l be in freſher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloaths ore your French ſouldiers eares
And turne them out of ſeruice. If they do this,
As if it pleaſe God they ſhall,
Then ſhall our ranſome ſoone be leuied;
Saue thou thy labour Herauld,
Come thou no more for ranſome, gentle Herauld.
They ſhall haue nought I ſweare, but theſe my bones
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
VVill yeeld them little, tell the Conſtable.

Her. I ſhall deliuer ſo.

Exit Her

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue
The leading of the vaward.

King. Take it braue *Yorke.*
Come ſouldiers let's away,
And as thou pleaſeſt God, diſpoſe the day.

Enter the foure French Lords.

Gebon. O diabello.

Con. Mor du ma vie.

Orle. O what a day is this!

Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loſt.

Con. VVe are enow yet liuing in the field,
To ſmother vp the Engliſh,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a baſe leno hold the chamber doore,
VVhy leaſt by a ſlaue no gentler then my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Diſorder that hath ſpoild vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, wee'l offer vp our liues
Vnto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with fame.